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and other churches in Montgomeryshire, Anglesey, Cardiganshire, and Pembrokeshire, are named after him.

TYSUL, the son of Corun ab Ceredig ab Cunedda Wledig, and the brother of Tyrnog. Llandysul in Cydwain, and Llandysul in Ceredigion, are dedicated to him.

#### U.

UST and DYVNIG, "two saints at Llanwrin in Cyveiliog," whose origin are not given, any farther than that they are said to have come to this island with Cadvan.

#### Y.

YSGIN, the son of Erbin ab Cystennin Gorneu, and the brother Digain.

*The End of the Genealogy of the Saints.*

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## ORIGINAL LETTERS.

### LETTER XVI.

REV. GORONWY OWEN TO MR. WILLIAM MORRIS.

DEAR SIR,—It is a sad case to be forced to begin a letter to a friend with an apology. I own I had need to do so, though at present I shall only beg your pardon for my dilatoriness, which I doubt not but you will grant without an apology. It is sufficient punishment to be deprived, by my own tardiness, of the pleasure of your letters.

I have not heard from Galltvadog since the beginning of October, though I wrote about a month since. Mr. Llywelyn Ddu\* talked of going to London; and I fear he had set out before my letter reached Ceredigion. I have heard from the Navy Office not long since; and I am still a letter indebted to Mr. R. Morris, which I intend to discharge very soon.

Chwi á gawsech glywed oddiwrthyv yn gynt ond odid, oni buasai y rhew tost à vu yn ddiweddar. Nid yw yr Awen ond ferllyd ac anystwyth àr yr hin oer yma. Ni chaif dyn chwaith mo yr amser i brydyddu gàn vyred y dyddiau, a chàn ymrythu ac ymwithio i gonglau : a pha beth á dal creft heb ei

\* Mr. Lewis Morris.—Ed.

dilyn? Pa wedd bynag, llyma ichwi ryw vath àr bwt o Gywydd o Gofa am yr hen Wraig dda o Bentrev Eirianell gynt. Hof oedd gènyv hi yn ei bywyd; a diau vod rhywbeth yn ddyledus i gofadvriaeth pobl dda, àr ol eu claddu; yr hyn, er nad yw vudd yn y byd iddynt hwy, á eill ddygwyddo bod yn llesol i'r byw, i eu hannog i ddilyn camrau y campwyr gorchestol, à lewychasant mòr hoew odidog yn y byd o'u blaen hwynt. Nid yw cymaint vy rhyvyg á meddwl y dichyn bod àr law burgyn o'm bath i ganu iddi vâl yr haeddai. Beth er hyny? Melysav y cana èos; ond nid erchis Duw i'r vran dewi. Yr asyn á godai ei droed àr arfed ei arglwydd; ac nid hai ei ewyllys da ev no'r colwyn, er nad hawddgar ei voesau. Galla Bardd Du ddangos yr ewyllys; ac nid eill *Bardd Coch* amgen, cyd byddai amgen ei Gywydd.

I do not remember that I ever saw a Cywydd Marwnad by any of the ancients (whom I would willingly imitate) and so cannot tell how such a Cywydd ought to be written: neither do I call this a Cywydd Marwnad, but Cywydd Cofa, &c. I did not rightly know how to go about it; for I could not form any proper idea of it in my mind, and so was obliged, as it were, to build without a plan. I saw myself under several difficulties. Poets, in these cases, are, (and I think are allowed to be, though they ought not,) very lavish of their praises, even to an hyperbole, and seldom free from flattery, even of the grossest kind, i. e. hard lying. I proposed to myself to keep a strict eye upon *truth*; but then I saw that my *truth* would of necessity be so like other men's lies, that the counterfeit would hardly be distinguishable from the sterling; and for that reason I was afraid to say what my love of truth would needs force me to say. I saw that I could say nothing of that excellent woman (though perhaps true of her only, and peculiar to herself,) but what had been ascribed before, by the prostituted breath of some execrable poetaster or other, to, perhaps, the most worthless miscreants that ever death spewed at the cooking of. I am sure my main endeavour was to avoid all appearances of flattery, and that, at the expence of suppressing some truths; and, if any thing looks like it, it is foreign to my intention; and I utterly disclaim the meaning of whatever may be perverted to such a construction. These were some of my main difficulties; and whether I have surmounted them I leave you to judge.

I have one favour to ask you; and that is, that you would present this *Cywydd* in my name to your father (whom I am really sorry for,) and send me a copy of Bardd Coch's *Cywydd*—i gael gweled pa ragor rhwng *coch* a *du*. But, for love's sake, don't you take example by me, in deferring to write. I beg I may hear from you as soon as conveniently may be, and I shall never any more be faulty in point of expeditiousness.

Os gwyddoch pa le mae, rhowch vi àr sathr y brawd Ll. Ddu: yr wyv yn tybio ei vyned i Lundain cyn hyn; ac, os velly, yn iach glywed na siw na miw oddiwrtho hyd oni ddychwelo.

My compliments to Mr. Ellis: and, if he chooses to join in the publication of the *Cywyddau*, he shall be very welcome, and have my thanks too. But I am afraid the *Cywyddau* will never be printed; because I doubt the money cannot be raised. The rate of printing at Salop is two Guineas a sheet for 1000 copies, which is three times too much to bestow upon them: and there would not go above two or three at most on a sheet. For my part I am very indifferent whether they are printed or not.

Al byw yr hen Gristiolus wydn byth? Is the curacy of Llanrhuuddlad disposed of? What other curacy is vacant? For I am sure I shall never better myself by staying here. I have already sufficiently tried the generosity of my Scotch Patron, and find it too slender to lean on. He is the hardest man I ever dealt with.

Gwaethwaeth yr â y byd wrth aros yma. Prîu y gellir byw yr awrhon (a pha vodd amgen, tra byddo y brithyd am goron y mesur Winchester, ac yr ymenyn am 7 geiniog, ac y caws am dair a dimai y pwys?) a pha sut y gellir dysgwyl byw tra cynnydda y teulu, ac na chynnydda y cyvlog? Y llanciau á ânt vwyvwy y clwt, vwyvwy y cadach: ac ymhell y bwyv, (ia pellach o Von nag ydwyv) os gwn i pa'r vyd a'm dwg. Nis gwybum vi mo ym geni, er clywed gân vy mam gânwaith, nes dawed i vysg y Saeson drèlion yma. Och vinnau! mi á glywswn gânwaith son am eu cynneddvau; a mawr na fynnasai gènyv eu gochel. Gallac ddywedyd amdanynt vâl y dywedai Brenines Sheba am Solomon.—“Gwir yw y gair à glywais yn vy ngwlad vy hun amdanynt; eto ni chredais y geiriau nes imi ddawed ac i'm llygaid welèd; ac

wela, ni vynegasid imi yr *hanner*." Nid oes gènyv vi lid yn y byd i'r Dr. Ellis: mae yn rhydd iddo vo *ddictatio* vâl y myno; onid bod yn rhydd i minnau wneuthur yn vy newis ai canlyn ei *ddictats* ev ai peidio: a pheidied o â digio oni chanlyn; ac yno, ve vydd pob peth o'r goreu. Cenawes ysdynig ydyw yr Awen: ni thry hi oddiar ei llwybr ei hun er ungwr; ac yn wir, nid yw ond digon anrhesymol i wr na vedd nac awen nac ei chysgod, gymeryd arno ddysgu un a'i medd, pa vodd i'w harver ac ei rheoli. Gellir gwneuthur pwt o bregeth â y testyn â vyno un arall; ond am Gywydd, ni thala ddraen oni chaif yr Awen ei phên yn rhydd, ac aed lle myno. A phwybynnag â ddywedo amgen, gwybydded vod ganddo awen ystwythach na'm hawen i, yr hon ysgatvydd sy môr wârgaled, o ddifyg na buaswn yn ei dovi yn ieuengach. Cênad i'm crogi, onid wyv yn meddwl bod yr Awen vâl llawer mirein-verch arall, po dycnav a diwytav y'i cerir, murseneiddiaf a choecav byth y'i cair. Nis gwn, pe'm blingid, pa un weathav a'i gormod goval ai gormod diovalwch.

We have here, in this parish of Wroxeter, some very curious pieces of antiquity lately found. They are three Roman Monuments, set up, as appears by the inscriptions, (which are very plain and legible, and the stones entire,) about the time of Vespasian. One being for one *Caius Mannius*, a prætorian legate of the 20th legion; and another for *Marcus Petronius*, an ensign or standard-bearer of the 19th legion.—N.B. Wroxeter was once one of the finest cities in Britain, (though now but a poor village,) as appears by the ruins of it, that are now to be seen, and are daily more and more discovered, and the vast number of Roman coins, that are yearly and daily found in it. It was called by the Romans *Uriconium* and *Viroconium* (perhaps from Gorygawn or Gwrogion) and probably destroyed by the Saxons; for we have here a tradition that it was set on fire by a flight of sparrows that had matches tied to their tails for that purpose by the enemy.\*

GORONWY OWEN.

Donnington, Dec. 6, 1752.

\* The ancient Uriconium, now Wroxeter, in Shropshire, was the capital of the Cornavii. In the Catalogues of Bp. Usher and Dr. T. Williams, it is called *Caer Wrygion*, and is, no doubt, to be identified with *Caer Gwrgon* in the Triads of the Isle of Britain. Llywarch Hên, who spent a portion

## LETTER XVII.

JAMES HOWELL, ESQ.\* TO THE EARL R——.

MY LORD,—Your desires have been always to me as commands, and your commands as binding as Acts of Parliament; nor do I take pleasure to employ head or hand in any thing more than in the exact performance of them. Therefore, if in this crabbed, difficult, task, you have been pleased to impose upon me about languages, I come short of your Lordship's expectation, I hope my obedience will apologize for my disability. But, whereas your Lordship desires to know what were the original mother tongues of the countries of Europe, and how these modern speeches, that are now in use, were first introduced, I may answer thereunto, that it is almost as easy a thing to discern the source of the Nile as to find out the original of some languages. Yet I will attempt it as well as I can; and I will take my first rise in these islands of Great Britain and Ireland; for, to be curious and eagle-eyed abroad, and to be blind and ignorant at home, (as many of

of his life in Powys, has the following allusion to this ancient city under the Saxon name of Wrecon.

Neu'r syllais o ddinlle Wrecon,  
Freuer werydre;  
Hiraeth am dammhorth brodyrddé?

Have I not gazed from the high city of Wrecon,  
The region of Freuer;

With longing for the guardian of the commonwealth?

*Elegy on Cyddyddan.*

This name of Wrecon is still retained in the Wrekin Hills in the vicinity.—ED.

\* This Letter is extracted from a work published in 1645, entitled "*Epistola Hoeliana: Familiar Letters, Domestick and Foreign*, by JAMES HOWELL, Esq." and, perhaps, as having been already in print, it ought more properly to have come under the head of EXCERPTA. However, we are sure, the reader will overlook this little irregularity.—Mr. Howell was a native of Wales, where he was born in 1594. He served in Parliament for Richmond in Yorkshire, and was one of Clerks of the Privy Council both under James I. and Charles I. He died in London in 1666. He appears to have been a man of varied and extensive erudition, in which his Letters abound: they are also particularly interesting for the historical information they contain relating to that age. There are one or two other Letters, concerning Wales, which we mean to transfer to our pages hereafter; and we may possibly draw out a brief memoir of Mr. Howell, from the notices he has left. We are not aware, that any such at present exists.—ED.